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way, riding monkey-like on the hindquarters of one of the better-conditioned animals, and looking as if every minute he would slide off over the animal's tail. The herdsman's song is wild and weird, rising and falling in semitones. As often as not he starts off with a description of the beautiful grazing that his charges are going to find ahead of them. He pleads with his camels and says they are to trust him, their guide and helper. He it is who is leading them to pastures fair, and grass that is green and succulent. The camels seem to understand, for with sundry groans and moans, they slowly follow him in single file. As they disappear into the early morning mist, the last you see or hear of the party is the distant singing of the camelherd. Then all are swallowed up in the morning fog. Like the sheep, the camels will not go far. Five to eight miles is their limit just now. Grazing has been so pitifully scarce in their long summer camp they must be allowed to get fit slowly; presently they will go further afield. The camelherd does not sleep by day. His is a much more valuable herd. He watches, with rifle ready, even though there is not the slightest rumour of danger or trouble in the air. To while away the long day, he may look for truffles on the hilltops or occasionally try and catch a jerboa. In the main, however, he watches and watches till the time comes to go home.

The camels and sheep having gone out to graze and the sun being up, the tent family will have a meagre breakfast consisting of a little tea without milk, and some dates. If the housewife is in funds she may *[illegible]* a small ration of bread to all; more often than not they go without.

The daughter of the house with her small sister, or her girl friend from the neighbour's tent, now starts off to collect brushwood for the day's needs. *'Arfaj* is what they seek, and as this has a tough root, they arm themselves with a small axe and several yards of goat's hair rope to carry home the firewood on their heads. Other children of from five to ten years old often accompany the girls to see if they can find an early flower or a truffle. It is their one way of enjoying themselves, they have few other amusements. The girls move off with strong healthy stride, their long sleeves bound behind their necks to free their arms, and their skirts hitched up at the waist to give freedom of movement. How straight and supple they are! Daily this fetching

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Fetching Water

in of firewood goes on, and the girls and children get in a two- or three-mile walk every morning. It is good for them and makes them strong, straight and fit to bear children later on, and they know it.

Two hours later they return, each bearing an enormous load of *'arfaj* bushes on their heads, and followed by the tired little mites who have gone with them. In the meantime the woman of the tent has not been idle. She, with her sister, or old mother if she has one to help her, has been sunning the family bedding (*lahdf*) and putting it away, or has been cleaning pots and pans from the previous night's meal and has tidied up the tent. She has sent off the spare shepherd to go and fetch water from the wells they have just vacated, perhaps 10 miles back. He takes for the purpose a couple of male camels kept back from the herd, on whom he loads up either two large camel water-skins, or four goatskins. This will suffice for the needs of the tent and its neighbours. Should a small *shamlla* exist near them, as is often the case after rains, the daughters of the house will once again be sent off with goatskins (*gurab*) to collect the water—(a *shamlla* is a small supply of water lying under the surface of a dry, sandy water-course which does not sink deep and disappear completely, because it lies on subsurface rock or clay). The girls scratch away the sand to a depth of two or three feet to reach the brown, muddy liquid. They ladle it into skins by means of a small cup (*jiddd*) of tamarisk wood, and keep it on one side for drinking purposes only. The water is at first opaque and yellowish, but the silt soon settles.

To keep the water-skins cool during the day, a bed of *'arfaj* bush is made just outside the women's quarters, and all skins are laid on the bed.

By now it is time to prepare the midday meal. If the family is a fairly prosperous one, rice will be cooked and made tasty with *semen*, clarified butter of sheep's milk, and all will sit down and eat their fill. If the family is a poor one, there will be no meal till sundown.

After the midday meal, the woman of the house will first clean the cooking pots, and then start weaving any cloth that may be required for the tent, or if the tent is complete she will work on a *ghta* or *mamad*, which in due course she will sell when she visits a town to do *mushhilah*. A *ghta* if well and artistically made will bring her in Rs.45 to Rs.50—a vast sum of money for a Bedawin family.